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THIRD WARD TRAITS

—— BY ——

CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

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Most of the material which has been brought together in the following pages has appeared from time to time in the writer's department of a local newspaper. Occasional and fugitive as the pieces were, friends were good enough to suggest that, taken together, they would present a picture (the only one in existence) of the characteristics of a greatly loved, if very quaint and picturesque, little section of Rochester. Accordingly, pains have been taken to give harmonious connection to what were only extracts, as well as that degree of permanence which should belong to a record of Third Ward Traits.

C. M. R.

Third Ward Traits.

There is a small but beautiful old quarter in the city of Rochester whose sufficient designation is the number of the ward. It has an individuality and quaintness all its own, comparable to "The Heights" of Brooklyn and old Washington Square, New York; but more marked in some ways than either of these. This is felt in Rochester, but is not often put into words.

The district does not include the whole of that Third ward whose name it has rendered famous; but no Rochesterian needs to be told what it does include. Perhaps it is to the ward's advantage that the district has had no room to grow. At any rate, in the center of the city, its small area has maintained the character of a little village; and when you go

away from home and report that you live in Rochester, people ask if you live in the Third ward. The question is one which always makes its residents happy and proud.

The community's characteristics are thus distinct. It is not far fetched fondly to liken it to a village. Not only does one find the general air of one among the old homesteads in their ample gardens along the tree-arched streets; but there are the simple customs, the pride of locality and pride of family, the petty leaders, whose pretentions are thoroughly understood; the little stores on the borders—some of them very village-like. And the ward has a history of its own, and churches, and schools, and a public library, and just enough poor to keep its sympathies alive. It even has its city cousins over on the East-side, or elsewhere, with whom to interchange visits, and from whom it learns how to dress and how to act in that big, showy, heartless, world that lies somewhere beyond the old Third ward and doubtless thinks it sleepy.

But those others, who dwell in the parts of

Rochester where there is city, not village, life, lose—whatever the beauty of their environment—something of the story-book picturesqueness, in scene and deed, which is the Third warder's heritage. It is that which the latter would not exchange for Mayfair or the Faubourgs.

Friendliness.

Everybody knows everybody else on the short broad streets of the ward—and knows all about them. It is said, indeed, by the East-siders in Rochester, that Third warders are gossips; and is not that a village failing? But if they have this weakness of a small community, they have also its virtues. There is a neighborliness in the old-fashioned, country sense of the word; the neighborliness that is friendly to the verge of love, that is first to congratulate in joy and the first to comfort in sorrow, that is thoughtful to help, loyal to defend, that lends and borrows with equal pleasure; that friendliness which runs

in and out, makes morning "visits" and hatless calls, whose femininity accepts, but does not require, evening escorts, since every house is the house of a friend and the streets are free of a city's wickedness.

It is worth while to be sick in the Third ward, for the test of its friendliness—for the dainties which its mistress-cooks shower on one, and the books that come out of its private libraries, the flowers from its spacious gardens, and the stream of inquiries at the door. The Third ward never seems more delightfully village-like than at such a time; unless in summer, when the piazzas are the living rooms and the whole neighborhood almost one big house for one big family.

The life then, as long as it is permissible to be in town, is spent on the piazzas. Not a house in the district lacks one. They are of various kinds, but you may be sure that they all command a view of the street and the neighbors. The fancy work is done, the newspapers are read, out there, and all but the suppers eaten on them. These suppers—

Third warders have suppers still, at least in summer—are early; and from quarter to seven until long after darkness has descended on the shady streets, the district gives itself up to informal piazza visiting.

Social Affairs.

Ostentation is frowned upon in the Third ward. It would be foolish there, for if it were not justified it would not mislead; and if it is justifiable it is not needed. The living is simple and wholesome in the lack of display. The great balls are not there. On the night of one, the usually quiet streets resound with the rumble of carriages, invitations have come to almost every house; but those who accept have a long ride before them. The greatest festivity is a wedding. Local etiquette permits brilliancy and lavishness for that, for it is a family event—it will have mention in the genealogies. Or there may be a woman's reception and luncheon; but dance music and the sound of revelry by night are not for those

solemn, ancient precincts. Its hospitality is still of the old-fashioned sort, with the "tea parties," readings, whist, and charades.

There are a deal of club meetings, too. A hall in the library has been set aside for that purpose, and Third ward women are strong in clubs. But it might be well if one other were founded: a club for mothers who, in the social season, have to sit up often and late for dancing daughters. The club might be called "The Owls." The meetings could be held around at the different houses, in turn, and though now and again the sessions would be nightly, the members would find them preferable to sitting up in loneliness at home, for the mothers are as true and intimate friends each to the other as are their daughters. The time of convening would depend, of course, upon the hour indicated in the invitations to the giddy "buds," and the sessions would not close until "the wee sma' hours," when the debutantes' carriages come rolling home. Suppose there was a ball on the East-side. By half past nine o'clock, certainly by ten, a

quorum of the club mothers would have gathered. Instead of sitting up at their respective houses, as under the present barbarous system, yawning and blinking until 2 A. M. or after, with their writing, sewing, and thinking all concluded before midnight, they could discuss D. A. R., hold a "Twig," play whist, gossip, and through the charm of one another's society, and the potency of the hostess's strong coffee, keep awake without trouble—almost in comfort—until the lately dancing debutantes called with their carriages to pick them up and take them home. When the function was a dinner, so that the club could adjourn earlier, the fathers might also be invited. To be sure, it is a marvel to some of us why a mother cares to sit up, why she submits to the long, weary vigil for the girl who always comes home all right, who can unhook her ball gown and draw off the long gloves without assistance, who just kisses her "good night," whispers a word or two, and steals away to bed as if the mother had waited minutes instead of hours. But each Third

ward mother does it. She hasn't forgotten the season when she was a bud. The old fire still glimmers; dreams can be backward as well as forward; and the faded, shaken roses which droop on the debutante's gown, the bright ones that nod in her cheeks, the broken fan, the soiled gloves, the still dancing eyes, have they no message that pays the mother for waiting? The butterfly free from its chrysalis has not the charm of the pretty girl taking off her party cloak after the dance, in the subdued light of a silent house. The loving, faithful, remembering mother waits and waits for that vision, and goes to bed repaid by the smile, the kiss, and the whisper.

But the great social event of the Third ward, making frequency of occurrence an element of greatness, is a "Donation." Nearly all of these are held at a place convenient for the ward, and when the day of one comes the smoothly running domestic machinery of the district is completely upset. There is a notion that our "Donations" are one of the most peculiar and characteristic features of Roches-

ter's social aspect; but fully to appreciate what they mean one should be in, and of, the Third ward at such a time. Early in the morning the mistresses of the big houses are wending their way to the site of the conflict, their white aprons neatly rolled up in brown paper under their arms, and grotesquely shaped packages of fancy work in their hands. A little later, go the housemaids with bowls of salad, baskets of celery, and loaves of cake. At noon, an air of unusual desertion hangs over the ward. The men have not returned to deserted homes. They are at the "Donation" for dinner. These days are the only ones in the year when Third ward men do not go home at mid-day—or tell the reason why. There is no calling on "Donation" afternoons. The rows of houses are silent still, save now and then, when one woman has extricated herself from the turmoil and social attractions of the bazaar and has regretfully taken herself home. There are few suppers in the ward that night; but about ten o'clock, or half an hour later, patient men may be seen

leading very tired women homeward. The aprons are no longer neatly rolled. Even leaders of fashion wear them shamelessly, though cranberry juice be spilled down the front. Bonnets are perched over caps, arms are filled with packages, and men struggle with market baskets of picture frames and patties. So night, closing over an unusual scene of gayety, beholds a dear little nest of a ward weary in well doing.

Going Away and Coming Home.

The district's neighborliness perhaps finds its most distinctive expression in those "good byes" and "welcome homes" which it extends to the summer travelers. It is a custom to leave on or about the first of August, at latest, and the travelers do not begin to leak back until two weeks have elapsed. Some of them stay for six. This custom is so well established, the exodus is so complete, that the household owes an explanation to the neighborhood if, having been at home through July, it

lingers beyond August first. The most graceful excuse is that "Rochester is so pleasant in summer." Third warders, who are proud with reason of their breeding, always accept this explanation and then give theories of their own in discussing it afterwards among themselves.

When a resident is going away for the vacation everybody knows it and everybody is interested. It is "proper" to call, that is, to run over to the piazza if any of the household is sitting out, and if not to go boldly up to the front door and ring the bell and demand to see the departing tourist that you may express your good wishes. In one case of this sort a family had eighty-two calls before departing. Perhaps it interfered a little with the packing, but how flattering it was, how pleasant! No one would change the custom for the world. It is one of the amenities of Third ward life. It makes you feel as though you were somebody. In a city you have all the fun of village prominence.

As the hour of departure approaches the

neighbors are all on the piazzas, for a detailed account of your plans has long been public property. First, however, there has been the excitement of having your trunks go. No real Third warder would miss that. It is next best fun to the rare removal. She (or he) will note the number of trunks, speculate on their contents, and wonder about the pressure required to close them and the tightness of the straps that, for all the world, are like belts made tight by Thanksgiving dinners.

When you yourself are ready to depart, you receive a volley of nods and smiles and waved hands and shouted adieux that is sure to keep the district dear to your heart however far you travel. But there is a rule, one of those inviolable social laws of the locality, that must be lived up to in departing. You must go away in a carriage. Perhaps you have regularly walked miles to save car fare and think nothing of walking to the station to see a friend; but when you yourself are the traveler the carriage is necessary. It is to be counted as a part of the trip's expense.

If the Third warder is starting for Europe, and every summer has its little quota of these tourists, it is the thing for the most intimate friends to go to the station. They will make their usual adieux at your house and then "surprise" you by turning up in the station waiting room. If you happen to know one of them is going, and have expostulated sufficiently, it is all right if you offer that friend a seat in your carriage to drive "over" and see yourself off! And when the train has drawn out of the station, you can think of your friends as light-heartedly climbing into your carriage and having a very good time driving home in it. Who would exchange so jolly a mode of departure?

The return is more complicated, more elaborate, more systematized. A newcomer might easily make mistakes, for the degree of welcome to be administered is to be graded according to the time of absence and the distance traveled. If you have been away only two weeks and have not gone far, you must be content to receive merely a "Glad to see you

back." You must remember that the ward is disguising its feelings, is trying to appear blasé, and to give you the impression that you have not traveled far—for a Third warder. Otherwise you will feel a little ashamed of yourself when you get back and will mistakenly try to bluff it off with an enthusiastic account of what a good time you had. If you have really had a great trip, the district cannot do too much for you. Your house will be ablaze with light. There will be flowers in all the rooms —not in boxes, but in vases with "welcome home" cards stuck up against them, for your friends will have invaded your sanctum to arrange them. There will be a reception for you on the piazza and a triumphal march from the carriage to the steps. And every evening after that there will be callers, until the entire district has paid its respects. It will come in one by one. The visitor will begin by expressing an eagerness to hear "all about your good times," and then will tell you what—being a Third warder—you are of course most anxious to know, the news and gossip of the town.

This will consume the time of the call, and your visitor, having reproached you for not telling more about your trip, will promise to come again to hear that. After all, that is the thing that can best wait.

When tourists return to different households about the same time, the requirement of etiquette is that the one who should wait to be called upon is the one who has traveled the furthest, not the one who has been away a week or two longer. The ward's whole ceremony of coming and going is singularly sweet, village-like, almost childlike, and one must hope that it will not change. It is a thing to look forward to, and a thing to remember fondly if you ever move away.

Carriages.

There is one Third ward trait which East-siders "simply love." Doubtless, as there should be, there is more than one. This is the district's carriage etiquette, though one hesitates to speak of the deportment which comes from true gentleness as only "etiquette."

And the East-siders do not sneer about it. What native of Rochester does not trace a connection, less or more remote, with that famous little area of "the" ward and feel a pride in its peculiarities?

There are not as many carriages in "the ruffled shirt district" as there are out on East avenue; but of course there are some, and a good many of the other families, with tall clocks and old oil portraits, hire carriages from convenient liveries whenever they want to ride. The East-side is a long way off; street cars are hard on good clothes, and so, when a distant hostess has summoned Third warders in large numbers to her home, a stranger would be surprised to see how quickly the district's kindly neighborliness finds useful vent. Those who own horses run about to those who have none and make up parties to fill their carriages; those who hire them anyway hire the biggest they can get and do the same; those who, waiting hopefully until the last moment yet receive no invitation to drive, club together and "go shares."

The carriages rumble away from the Third ward with a great deal of style, waking unusual echoes and leaving the trees to shake their tall heads and whisper together about the good old times. But when the coaches reach the elegant East-side and drive up to the house of the function, they appear less impressive. They discharge their loads like carry-alls. The Third ward arrives in battalions, so to speak. When you see one Third warder enter the room you can look around for half a dozen. When one says "Good night," you must prepare to see a party go; and if you are a keen observer and have nothing else on your mind you can have a very good time as you drift around from room to room watching the gradual and slow collection of the parties, preparatory to leaving.

One can imagine how East-siders obtain amusement from the spectacle; but it has its pretty side. The custom is probably as universal nowhere else as in that little district, where one's resources are well known to one's neighbors, where there is little pretense, and

where tact suggests that the carriage people, in giving their kind and helpful invitation, hint that the obligation is all on their side—for the pleasure of the company.

And there is a very real pleasure in that—a rare fun in talking the function over, in a crowded carriage, before a half-night's sleep has dulled first impressions and destroyed enthusiasm. Some Third warders look back upon the drives they have had to a function, or home from it, as the pleasantest part of the entertainment, It is a little matter, but it is a feature of the ward.

Collecting Leaves.

Many are the strange things to be found in the old Third ward. It is not merely that the community is old fashioned, or that it is ever content with something short of the best; but just because it does not care for appearances, if only a thing be good. If a thing be useful and serve its purpose well, and if it has in addition the respectability of age, there are no

questions asked. The district's most conventional quality is its unconventionality. So they must be strangers to its spirit who wonder, stare, and laugh at one of the contrivances for removing fallen leaves.

A man who is paid by the people of the district—not by the city—pushes the affair, which, seen at a little distance from behind, looks like a huge baby carriage. It is large enough to have served for the infancy of a circus giant and still have left room for a twin. A nearer and more oblique view destroys the resemblance to the baby carriage, for it is then seen that the lower portion of the vehicle is not, as to the body, *sui generis*. It is patchy, foreign, an ingenious but not inevitable combination. The wheels, in short, were plainly put beneath the strange, graceless bulk of body for a purpose.

As one draws nearer still to the contrivance, recognition is gained suddenly. It is seen to be one of those hooded beach-chairs, with little glass eye-windows where ears should be, laid flat on its back on the axles of two pair

of wheels. It is the beach chair of the prints of fifty years ago; of the European watering place even of to-day, of Scheveningen, Ostend, and Brighton, but never of Long Branch, Coney Island, or Nantucket. What a fall from grace is this, to be tipped up, settled crudely on wheels, pushed along the gutter of an inland city, and filled with fallen leaves! Such a metamorphosis could be witnessed on no central street of all our cities, perhaps, out of a small and famous district of Rochester's Third ward.

What a history that chair may have, what stories it might tell! Was it in sadly mistaken use as a steamer chair when brought across the ocean; and on what sands was it wont to stand long ago, what blue sea was pounding a dozen yards away, what fair face—long since old and wrinkled at the best—has it sheltered from wind and sun? Was it "Jane Austen" that was read excitedly beneath that hood, were they blue eyes or brown that peered coyly through the little windows and fell again demurely to the book, as a gallant of long ago

stepped round the corner of the chair and tried to see within? Ah, doubtless Spring sat in the chair years gone, personified; and now the grossest flatterer of the ward can see only Autumn as the sere and yellow leaf fills it to the brim. It has found its proper home at last and its sphere of usefulness has half poetic justice.

Holidays and Coasting.

Holidays in the Third ward are observed much as elsewhere in the city. There was a time, to be sure, when New Year's day took on a character of its own in the big, hospitable mansions; but that was years ago when the day was a time for calling and good wishes everywhere. It was one of the social laws of Rochester then that the calls on East-side women had to be made in the forenoon. The West-side, which was to say at that time the Third ward, reserved the late afternoon and evening. You would see the men, at ten o'clock in the morning, in dress suits and

high hats, starting forth in little parties that filled carriages—or sleighs with jingling bells, or even "four-in-hands"—to pay the day's respects over the river. And do not think that Third ward women were left at home. Such was the social instinct of the district that they would receive twice: In the morning with their East-side acquaintances, and in the evening at home.

When the early darkness settled over the ward and the men returned, houses were ablaze with light, women were in evening gowns and jewels, the long tables in the dining rooms glittered with glass and silver, and punch and coffee were steaming hot to ward against the cold. There were meats, salads, and dainties galore, and everywhere the shades were up and the blinds open that the cordiality might reach enticingly into the street. For there used to be a rivalry between the hostesses as to which had the longest list of calls. At rush moments names were written in the caller's very presence, but amends, if they were needed, were gloriously

made. How the mistresses of the Third ward shone those nights, what graciousness, what wit and smiles, what entertainment was provided! Those were times that tried men's souls, when there was barely a hundred feet of cool air and the silence of wintry night between the houses. But the spaces grew longer, the card baskets appeared more often on the silver bell knobs, and the Third ward conformed at last to the dictum of the world.

Thereafter St. Valentine's day and Hallowe'en became, perhaps, the most distinctively successful holidays. That is because the ward's shady streets, broad lawns, and gardens, furnish to little boys (and little girls) such grand places in which to hide. There is a whole jungle of back yards with the strangest passes and trails, over fences and through alley gates, which none but the children know. From the street one would not dream of the wilderness of short-cuts behind these houses.

In winter, when the passes are more or less snowbound, the sport of the neighborhood is coasting. Troup street hill, which the chil-

dren (who are so often right) call "the" hill, rises high enough to allow a "bob" to run a block and a half. When the sliding is good, you can almost always see a group of merry-makers there. If you go after dark, you will find the grown folk too—not "the young and old," for all are young on those occasions, but the tall and short of the old Third ward. Sometimes it is an invitation affair, with an oyster supper afterwards; but more often it is simply a rally for a neighborhood frolic of all who are in the mood. They have such a little hill to climb that there is all fun and no work.

The Great Trial.

There was a time when the residents of the old Third ward—"the ruffled shirt ward," as East-siders yearningly call it—were inevitably staid and dignified. With the old-time courtliness they were orderly, were punctual in their engagements, and yet were never seen to hurry. Beneath the over-arching trees of their broad thoroughfares, past the grand old

porticoed residences that are like Grecian temples, they walked with such leisure and dignity of bearing as the old Athenians might have had in like surroundings. That was the time when the Third ward established the entrenching reputation which it has been able since to hold.

It is still fitting that no modern means of rapid transit penetrates that classic district; that an old canal whose slow-going boats still preach (and practice) deliberation, divides it from the rush and turmoil of the business streets; and that over each entrance to this quiet district in the heart of the city there should swing a sign that threatens a fine of $25 for anyone who shall drive his horse faster than a walk. And yet no hustling suburbanite, running for a car, could call the Third ward slow, or could, until the hour of trial, boast of greater punctuality for all his haste.

But a change came. Third warders were put to the sorest test of their lives and were not as they used to be. A harrassed expres-

sion supplanted the old placid smile of self-content; ancient timepieces — huge gold watches that generations of descendants had dented with first teeth—were brought out hastily; there were anxious looks, hurried steps, and engagements badly kept. The city perceived that time was on the mind of the residents of that beautiful old quarter where it had seemed as though time slept.

There was much the matter. Time, as represented by the Plymouth church clock, had slept, awakened, and fallen to sleep again; had, apparently, walked in its sleep and talked in its sleep; had minded its business for a little while and then lapsed into evil ways again; in short, acted most discreditably to its past and name. In another locality the condition would not have been borne in silence; but Third warders learn patience at the canal bridges, and never forget themselves. Their decorum is perfect; and yet their quiet good times, their love and sympathy, the famous cookery of their women, prove that they are human.

There may be places in Rochester where a clock that struck twenty-eight on an occasion of no particular significance would be admired. The Third ward is not one of them. There are other communities where dependence on the public timepiece is not of the absolutism born of heredity; in the Third ward it is bred in the bone. The stroke of Plymouth clock has opened the Third ward's outside blinds in the morning and put out its lights at night for years; the face of that clock has been the standard of truth for all the little clocks of the neighborhood. But in the final compensation of things time told on the hands that had told time so long.

It had been understood for more winters than a few that exceptionally cold weather, blizzards, etc., would stop the clock; but the ruffled shirt warders were too loyal to tell of its weakness. They kept it to themselves, used their own watches, and in a few days, when the weather sufficiently moderated, the clock would go on again. But in the hour of the great trial, with the weather warm and cold,

damp and dry, it spent many weeks pointing to 12:20. Then it got around to eight minutes to six, and there it stopped again. And so, by fits and starts, and jerks and balks, and too much striking or failure to strike at all, it roused a respectable neighborhood, it did no end of mischief, caused delays, and led to needless hurry in erstwhile quiet streets. At last, in response to public indignation, the clock was repaired.

The Ward's Changes.

Some there are who suspect a change of the district's character. Perhaps it does change; but everything is slow there, so change must be, and it would not be admitted to residence nor gain the *entree* of good houses if it did not come well introduced and with its lineal descent from the ancient ways explained. One does not look, then, for revolutions in the ward, and even evolutions have a strangely fascinating way of assuming local color.

When the electric light was introduced—

there are a few blocks still that cling to gas lamps—it was said that the romantic charm of a Third ward summer evening would pass away. The old residents said they might as well live in Omaha as on streets with electric lights; the young men asked what was the use of a moon that made mysteriously dark corners if suns were to be suspended at half-block intervals on the streets; and the children, playing in the neighbors' front yards, declared they would not know when to come home for it wouldn't "get dark." The discontent took practical form in an opposition to the poles and then to the stringing of the wires, but a "soulless" corporation trod on fine sensibilities, there were some parvenus who were traitors, and electric lights came. The charm, however, of Third ward summer evenings remained. One could not turn down the light, as is still done by some of the piazza people on the plea that the gas lamp's feeble flame shines in their eyes—in this strange little *rus in urbe;* but the big trees hang over the electric globes like most fascinating lamp-

shades, and a Venetian blind will always make a dark corner of piazza if there is not one naturally. So the electric lights have done no harm.

It is the same with the occasional apartment houses that have wedged themselves into the district. They are metropolitan in nothing but height, for a few old residents moving into them appear to have leavened the colony. And the new pavements, clean as they are, lose the air of novelty that should go with spic and span appearance since other things are old though neat; and finally the lift-bridges—across the moat of this social castle—have proved unable to effect a revolution. That is what comes of having well developed individuality, of having neighborhood characteristics bred, so to speak, in the bone.

Serious danger threatened once, when a gerrymandering legislature, renumbering the wards of Rochester, decreed that the Third be called the Second. But the community rose in righteous wrath that was heard even in Albany; and during the brief interval before

an amendment was passed restoring the ward's original designation, no one thought to name it except as "the old" Third. So out of that danger, also, came victory.

The Ward's Past.

Third ward traits would be incomplete without mention of Third ward characters. There is a list of them long enough to fill a story book, if one dared to publish it. Individuality is really a thing to be proud of; but strangely enough we none of us like to be called "peculiar," and loyalty to friends and family is one of the strongest of Third ward traits. So we may not name Mrs. E—, the rich recluse of twenty years, who bought her house before she had seen it from a man she did not know; nor Mrs. S—, still remembered for her gowns, and jewels, and cards; nor shall we speak of any of the living, though here a beautiful lesson might be drawn from life-long friendship through weal and woe, and there—and there again—a rare picture of

family affection and consecration. Here is a lingering type of the grand lady or the old-time gentleman, there the scholar, there the beloved and skilled physician, and here the Lady Bountiful. And prettiest of all, with hardly a trace of sadness, and dearest to the old Third ward, are the vestiges here and there of faded splendor, of a neat if frayed gentility, of smiles through unshed tears like sun through clouds, and honest pride and self-respect where present props to the world's consideration must have failed. Blessed past, that throws its glory still on faded coats and with sunset magic touches to royal purple!

Nor shall we speak of the lately dead. Where love is very strong and proximity spells friendship, where neighbors dwell near indeed in interests and sympathy, this subject were too sacred for any but the kindest, gentlest touch, which, in that little district, must ever be the personal.

But writ large across the old ward's history are yet many famous names, which are the heritage of a whole community. It is always

a surprise to students of Rochester to find what a number of its great names belong to the Third ward. Old houses of the Rochester and Montgomery families still stand there; and on an eminence, its white pillars holding high the overhanging, balustraded roof, is the house of the first mayor. For Jonathan Child was a Third warder; and in the next house to his, later occupied by Oscar Craig—himself one of the ward's and state's good men—dwelt Vincent Mathews, the first village trustee distinctively to represent the ward, the first city attorney of Rochester, the first lawyer admitted to practice in the courts of what was then Ontario county, and hence called "the father of the bar." In this ward dwelt, too, Everard Peck, who brought books as his gift to the struggling Rochester; here lived Dr. Chester Dewey, the loved teacher and scientist of early days. Here the pioneer, Abelard Reynolds, passed part of his life and died; here, later, lived that girl who, as Lady Randolph Churchill, was to carry Third ward training into the noblest English houses; and

here, to come home again, lived Lewis H. Morgan, who made himself a national authority in his field. Across the way from his home was the pillared mansion of Chancellor Whittlesey.

There are many more names than these. These are but a beginning; but they write Rochester's name high in culture and achievement; and to their gifts to the community the little district added, one by one, the charities which its noble women—"the first ladies" of Rochester—there founded, in their love and gentleness, for a growing city's needs. What wonder that an area with a past so locally distinguished is called the ancient home in Rochester of ruffled shirts, and glories in the title?

Something, as we have seen, of the Southern hospitality was in those houses of Southern type, something of the South's old-time courtliness of manner came thither to mix with New England's rigid conscience and sternly high ideal. And out of those friendships and that union came the best history of

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Rochester, and have come the conditions dear to the Third ward—those which have enabled the district still to resist surrounding changes, to remain to its inheritance and traditions, of which it is proud, conspicuously true. In them is the secret of the permanence of its traits.

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